

A SECOND
ORATION

IN PRAISE OF
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

BY A
School-Boy Thirteen Years of Age;

Composed for the Use of the

PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS

OF THE
Juvenile Philosophical Society.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXVI.

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AN
ORATION

COMPOSED NOVEMBER 1 MDCCLXV BY A

SCHOOL-BOY, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU remember that our laws oblige us to have an Oration made and said before you at breaking up, the latter of which offices, our Society hath ordered me to perform, and I hope I shall do it in such a manner as will deserve your approbation.

I shall

I shall begin, by giving a brief account of our Society, and the object of our pursuits ; our Society, Gentlemen, though it is but small, and made up of boys, who neither can nor do pretend to know much ; yet, we hope we understand a little, and desire to know more of that delightful science, commonly called, Philosophy ; which enlivens our ideas of the works of the Almighty Creator of the Universe, as well as those of Him himself. I wish we may more and more see its Him, that made all things, and look through second causes to the great first cause and mover of all things !

Philosophy

Philosophy no longer permits us, like the vulgar, to behold yonder great orb, which is the spring of animal and vegetable life, without astonishment, and warm emotions of gratitude to our beneficent Creator, who has so nicely adjusted the distance of that grand fountain of light and heat: which if it was much nearer, in vain would the earth strive to send forth the herbage and flowers, with which she is now enamelled or covered, as with a beautiful carpet; the furious Sun and raging Sirius would burn them up as fast as they arise, and destroy the whole creation with their infectious influence; it would

turn

turn the whole earth and the sea itself
into a sandy desert,

“ Our earth would blaze beneath
“ so fierce a ray,
“ And all its marble mountains
“ melt away.*

If it was much farther; the extremity
of the cold,

“ ——— Would pierce the bone,
“ Freeze the heart’s blood and turn
“ us all to stone.*

Through this we understand the pro-
gress of the moon, and discover new
seas,

* Baker’s Universe.

seas, isles and mountains in her, who
 when gloomy Night overspreads with
 its sable wings all the earth;

“ ——— Bestows on us her borrow'd

“ ray,

“ Dispels the gloom, and emulates

“ the day.*

Our imagination enlarged by Philosophy,
 no more like the unpolished Hind, con-
 ceives of the stars as brass nails in the
 firmament, but as so many centers of
 worlds, that rise millions beyond millions.

And is not such a thought absurd?

Can it enter into your mind, O man!

that these glorious suns,

“ In

* Baker's Universe.

“ In size immense, in order infinite,
 “ Were only made to twinkle to
 “ thy sight?*

It would be endless to enumerate all the advantages of this delightful science, therefore I must conclude with ardently and fervently wishing, that our Society may always so behave themselves, as to deserve and to receive the approbation of you yourselves; as well as of all, who like you, not only have, but deserve and fully answer to the name of Gentlemen.

* Baker's Universe.

Northampton, Jan. 14, 1766.



POETICAL ESSAYS

BY A

School-Boy Thirteen Years of Age.

P A R T II.

ANTIDOTE AGAINST THUNDER.

COMPOSED AUGUST MDCCLXV.

THE day was clear, the sky serene,
The lambs were skipping o'er the
green,
The larks rose from their grassy bed,
And warbling thro' the sky they fled:
When Daphnis, beautiful and young,
The frequent theme of past'ral song,
Far from Apollo's sultry ray,
Thro' a thick shady grove did stray;
Where lofty pines, in rural pride,
Majestic tower'd,—and seem'd to hide
In clouds their tops,—sweet violets grow'd
Beneath, and thousand beauties show'd.
The Acafia its scent distills,
And all the wood with fragrance fills.

Onward

2 POETICAL ESSAYS.

Onward he walks along the maze,
 Charm'd with the sweet delightful lays
 Which float along on ev'ry breeze,
 From ev'ry brake and tree that's near
 The place—and drown his ravish'd ear
 In harmony and sweet delight,
 When a dark cloud obscures his sight,
 And thro' the sky loud thunders roll,
 And bellowing o'er his head—his soul
 Affright—but running to a cave
 Hard by—from the dread storm to save
 Himself—he found therein a fire,
 Worn out with age, sit by a fire;
 Who seeing how the thunders fright
 Daphnis—he on the shoulder hit
 Him—and doth thus address—my son!
 'Tis vice, not thunder, thou should'st shun,
 'Tis guilt alone that makes thee run
 From tempests and from storms—but if
 Thou fearest Him who gave thee life,
 And thee preserv'd—thou hast no cause
 To dread, tho' breaking all her laws,
 Nature shou'd shake, and shou'd involve
 In ruin all things—or dissolve
 In flames the world :—My son be wise
 And place GOD's laws before thine eyes.

AN

AN ALARM TO BRITISH
INDOLENCE.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE III. LINE XLII. IMITATED.

COMPOSED SEPT. XX MDCCLXV.

SONS of Britannia give ear
To me, while I your fate declare ;
If ye adore the LORD your GOD,
Your pow'r shall far be spread abroad.
Turkey shall tremble at your name,
And Afric's shores resound your fame.
Sabrina shall eclipse the Nile,
And bear the praises of your isle
To lands by ancient bards unknown,
Which George's mighty sway shall own.
Thames, Tyber, London, Rome outshine
And George's race great Cæsar's line.
The most remote and distant lands
Shall bow beneath her heroes hands,
And to the cold and torrid zone
Her might and piety be known.
Unto the north and southern pole
Her empire and her fame shall roll.

But

4 POETICAL ESSAYS.

But if this base, ungrateful land
Admits the Jesuits hellish band
Her liquid walls shall dry away,
Or adverse hosts pour o'er the sea;
Extirpate e'en her very name,
Or change to infamy her fame.

AGAINST MODERN LUXURY
AND OPPRESSION.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE XV. IMITATED.

COMPOSED SEPT. XXI MDCCLXV.

MY friends forgive me, if for once I break
The rules of due decorum, and do take
The liberty to use my angry pen,
Before I'm taught the way by abler men.
But who can bear to see the ways
Of the proud nobles of our days!

Now is renew'd the abominable crime
Which Horace said was practis'd in his time,
Soon gaudy domes their stately tops will show
On ev'ry hill or vale—and for the plough
And pasture—leave but little room,
So monitrous is luxury become!

Gardens

POETICAL ESSAYS. 3

Gardens and fishponds soon will be again
Longer and broader than the Lucrine fen,
Myrtles and violets will soon be seen
Where grass or wheat once spread a homely green.

Monfieur's bag-wig does smell so sweet
Pity he can't have musk to eat!

Not thus brave Romulus to Rome prescrib'd,
Nor thus the hero who from the plough side
Was took—to govern all the Roman state,
And bravely did his country's foes defeat.

Great Cincinnatus, thy due praise
Exceeds majestic Homer's lays!

The houses then were plain, and temples grand,
Now where's a noble's seat in all our land
But half the kingdom's churches far outshines,
And Deists are as frequent as Divines.

Oh! Britain, mend these sinful ways,
Nor Satan more than Jesus please.

5 POETICAL ESSAYS.

A MOURNFUL ODE.

ON THE GREAT FIRE IN CORNHILL, NOV. VII.

COMPOSED. NOV. XVIII MDCCLXV.

MELPOMENE, thou mournful muse,
Whose songs soft pity do infuse,
And with compassion move the tender breast,
Bemoaner sweet of the distressed,
Assist thy ancient suppliant now
Help me to sing, and teach me how
To treat in bitter strains concerning bitter woe.
Almighty JESUS thou didst show,
That all below the skies is vain:
Vain is wealth, or fordid pelf,
We can't depend on aught below.

II.

By thy permission, LORD, the raging flames
Impetuous rush'd along,
Defy'd the efforts of the throng
To quench the furious fire,
Unstopp'd it mov'd in dire array,
And vainly did the engines play,
It still went on its way,
And even mounted higher.

III.

POETICAL ESSAYS. 7

III.

Alarm'd Augusta stood aghast,
And fear'd that hour wou'd be her last,
So fiercely did it rage,
And nought could it assuage.
Grim death appear'd in thousand forms
And op'd his horrid jaws,
Destruction stood amidst the fiery storms
And dy'd in gore her claws.
Methinks I see the mounting flames,
And hear the mournful sighs,
Lamenting cries,
Dreadful screams,
Mournful groans,
And dying bitter moans.

IV.

Hark! hark!—I hear a doleful shriek,
It seems a female voice;
Perhaps some tender mother just now childless
made,
Bereav'd of all her joys:
Her son beneath yon ruin'd house is laid,
And her fond heart doth almost break
With sorrow and with grief,
Because he has lost his life.

V.

3 POETICAL ESSAYS.

V.

But stop, my muse, have I no friend
Whose house these flames do in the common ruin
blend,

And will not let it stand?

For whom the bond of friendship doth demand
A sad commiserating tear.

Alas! I have: that shop that now in flames appears
Belongs to one
Whose eldest son

Is known by me and thee.

Poor youth! how little doth he think
His father is upon destruction's brink,
So near to misery!

VI.

O! LORD Almighty, maker of the skies,
By whose permission these dire flames arise,
How vain, how frail is man!

His life at most is but a span,
And full of misery!

O let me put my trust in thee,

Then tho' my earthly house should fail,
In heav'n I shall find one,

Where thieves can ne'er break in and steal,
Which flames cannot burn down.

Northampton, Jan. 14, 1766.

